



THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH.

"YES, DEAR, IT'S VERY CHARMING AND PRETTY—BUT NOT A BIT LIKE YOU!"

A COURT MARSHALL.

A *Royal Family* at the Court Theatre, written by Captain R. MARSHALL, is a most amusing piece. There is scarcely a dull moment in it. Interesting too, although in the slight plot there is no striking novelty. This "comedy of romance" will remind the theatre-goer, well versed in dramatic and recent romantic literature, of a variety of novels he has read and pieces he has seen. A *Royal Family* is the very plot for a comic opera, and perhaps the author originally intended it to be set to music;

but, if such were ever the case, thank goodness he changed his mind, and was sufficiently fortunate not to find a composer, as, if he had, we should have lost in "words for songs" most of the satirical dialogue that indeed goes a great way towards the making of the piece.

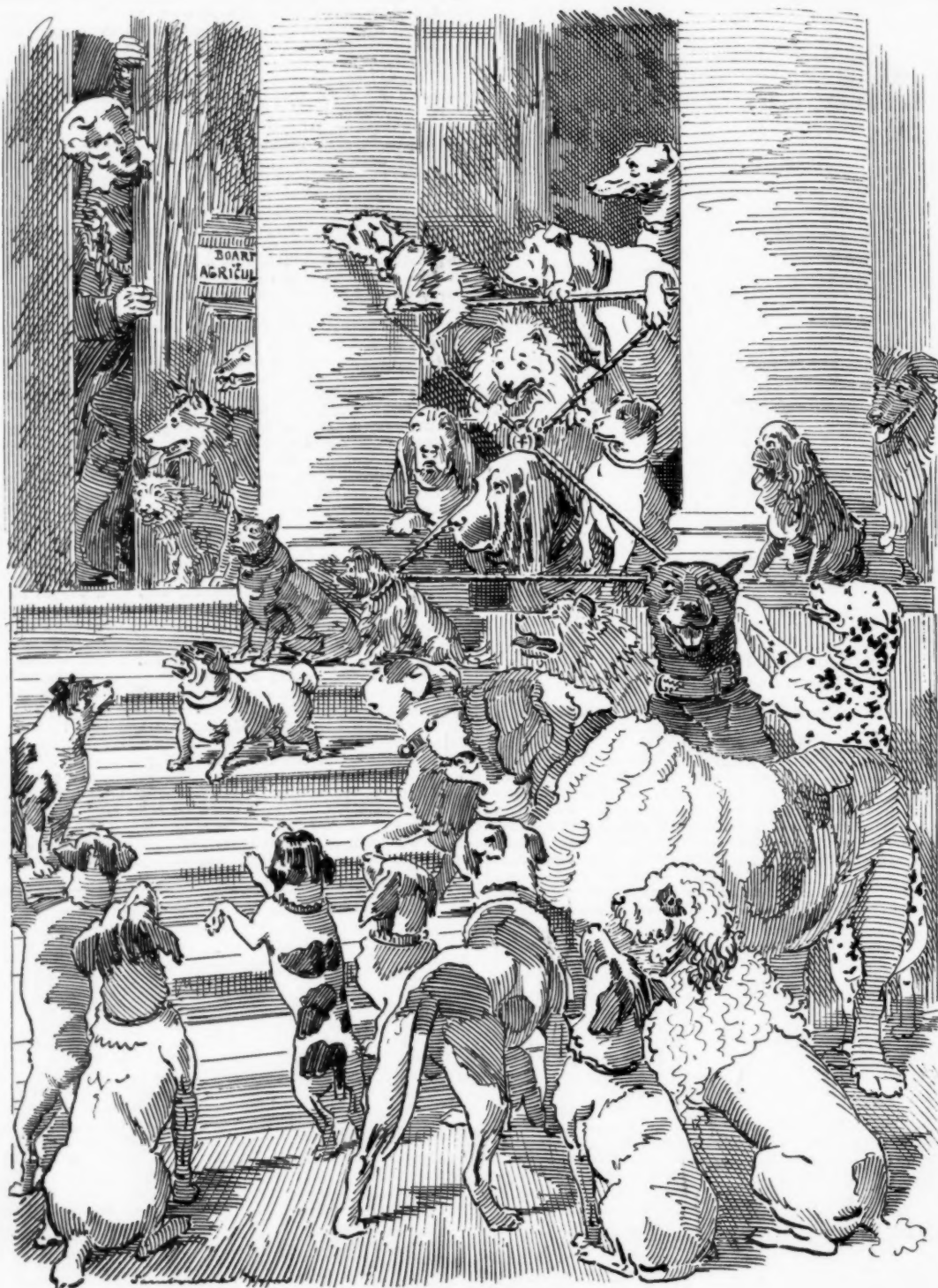
MR. ERIC LEWIS, as *Louis the Seventh of Arcacia*, is admirable, as are all the royal personages, Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as the Queen Dowager, Miss ADA BRANSON as his pleasant-looking, easy-going queen, Master REGINALD DENNY as the very youthful heir apparent, aged about eight (quite a first-class boy in the school of dramatic art), and Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT as the delightful Princess, only daughter of King Louis.

The whimsical satire upon the monotonous routine of court existence in the very limited Monarchy of Arcacia, uncommonly like that of many other monarchies of greater extent, is simply excellent. The author evidently knows "the ropes," and his imagination exercises itself on a very solid foundation of fact. All the characters, with the exception of the melancholy *Father Anselm* (carefully rendered by Mr. MARSH ALLEN), are conceived in the vein of true comedy. A more courtly ecclesiastic than Mr. DION BOUCICAULT's Cardinal Archbishop of Caron it would be difficult to find. Why he is always studying a big book it is difficult to discover: it isn't his breviary, that's evident; neither is it a time table, nor a dictionary. This is the only unreality about the Cardinal, who otherwise is a far more true type of the genuine article than was BULWER's theatrical *Richelieu* or any other waxwork stage figure of a Cardinal, Wolsey excepted. He is a courtier, he is a politician, and he is very human. He wears a curious sort of ring, which is not Cardinalesque, and, by the way, *Father Anselm* also wears a ring, which no ordinary ecclesiastic ever does. But this is a trifling detail only noticeable where all else is so perfect.

MR. JAMES ERSKINE plays the Duke of Berascon, Equerry in Ordinary, to the very life: it could not be bettered in any other hands. Excellent, too, is the make up of Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD as the Chief Commissioner of Police, though the part is rather over-acted. *General Casella*, who is a *Verges* to Chief Commissioner *Dogberry*, is also good. Mr. PAUL ARTHUR's impersonation of the Prince beloved by the Princess is everything his best friends could wish until the author suddenly insists on his denuding himself of his beard, whiskers and moustache, a proceeding not only utterly unnecessary to the plot, but rendering the recognition of him by the Princess dangerously improbable. "What!" she might well have exclaimed, "a hairless, undistinguished nobody! This isn't the man with whom I fell in love!! This cannot be the Hair Apparent! No! I'll wait till it is all grown again!" Indeed, 'tis almost fatal to the piece. The scenes are picturesque, and the costumes brilliant. So, taking it for all in all, it is to be hoped that its like may often be seen again; but, until it appears, our advice to all who appreciate smart writing, good character-acting, laughable situations, and brilliant setting to a brilliant piece, is, do not fail to see *A Royal Family* now reigning at the Court Theatre.



AT THE STORES. BUY—OUR TAPESTRY ARTIST.

**UNMUZZLED!**

Chorus of Dogs. "CAN WE SEE MR. WALTER LONG? WE WANT TO SHAKE HIM WARMLY BY THE LEG."

FURTHER WESTMINSTER IMPROVEMENTS.

1899. Embankment of the Thames from Victoria Tower to Lambeth Bridge.
 1900. Rescue of CROMWELL's statue from the area outside the Hall of RUFUS.
 1901. Improved BOADICEA on Westminster Bridge.
 1902. Wood pavement for Belgrave and St. George's Roads, and Eccleston and Warwick Squares.
 1903. Completion of Victoria Station up to Ebury Bridge.
 1904. Earl of ROSEBURY created Lord Mayor of Westminster.
 1905. Opening of the new Chamberlain Theatre, with attendant *cafés*, next door to TATE's Gallery.
 1906. Abolition of existing statues on the Embankment.
 1910. Opening of the Night and Day Recreation Grounds opposite Battersea Park.
 * * * * *
 2010. Establishment of a really satisfactory steamboat service on the Thames.

THE SCULLERY DRUDGE.

"Women are pouring into the professions. . . . In consequence of the difficulty of procuring domestic servants, it is proposed to employ men for general house work."—*Daily Paper*.]

MAMMA is a bishop in gaiters,
 Aunt FLO is a brilliant Q.C.,
 They say that no better debaters
 Are heard in the Commons than she.
 Aunt AMY 's an eminent surgeon,
 Aunt JANE is a Chancery judge,
 Aunt KATE is a greater than SPURGEON,
 And I am a scullery drudge.

I've female relations in dozens;
 I eye them with awe from afar,
 For most of my feminine cousins
 Are lights of the Church and the Bar.
 They are crowned with a halo of splendour,
 A glory I cannot but grudge,
 For being of masculine gender,
 I'm only a scullery drudge.

Time was I had other ambitions
 Than scouring a pot or a pan;
 Alas, I forgot my conditions,
 I forgot I was merely a man.
 But none of my friends cared a bit for
 My notions. They laughed, and cried,
 "Fudge!

My dear, what is any man fit for
 But the lot of a scullery drudge?"

PAGE FROM A DOG'S DIARY.

WOKE up in a particularly good humour. Don't understand the reason, but have a pleasant presentiment.

Had my usual playful bite at the postman's fingers through the letter-box.
 Got my customary bone from the breakfast table.

To my delight found the door ajar and made my escape into the street.

Met a policeman face to face. He did not arrest me! Half a mind to report him for dereliction of duty! After all no business of mine. I am not a ratepayer!

Got into the square and discovered Toddles.

As usual she made for me, and I met her, ready, aye ready.

Suddenly she stopped and bolted up a tree.



"WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, LITTLE GIRL!"
 "BOO-HOO, 'OOS SITTIN' ON MY JAM TART!"

Barked at her from below. But she hadn't any pluck. Gave her up as out of reach.

Chivied a few more cats and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Found, too, I could have a comfortable roll. No irritation about the head. Can't make out why I am so comfortable.

Left the square and met my hated foe, the boy who collects the newspapers.

For the first time he gave me a wide berth. He usually chases me. Chased him—and he bolted.

Came across the butcher-boy. He seemed more civil than usual. As a rule he chivies me. This time I chivied him.

Let the butcher-boy have it. He, too,

beat a hasty retreat. So did the postman, the dustman, and the organ-grinder with the monkey.

Met a second policeman. Again, in spite of my being at large, he did not arrest me. Most civil, but scarcely professional.

Returned home, lunched, slept, dined, and supped.

As I prepare to go to rest for the night, I consider the events of the last twelve hours.

Why has this been one of the pleasantest days of my life?

Why have I thoroughly enjoyed myself? Why have I felt like a free dog, a Briton?

I know.

I am unmuzzled! "So Long!"



FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Miss Poeticus Soulful (just finishing an inspired sonnet)—

"AND AS THE SILENT SHADOWS STEAL
ATHWART THE DAY-DEAD SKY,
IN SOLITUDE I GAZE AND FEEL
HEAVEN-WAFTED, LIKE A—LIKE A——"

Chorus (fortissimo). 'GUY!'

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

TO MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SIR,—*Habent sua fata poetæ!* Yours have been strange, indeed, and, within narrow limits, of a surprising variety. It has been your lot during a youth that in its emotions, if not in its actions, was tempestuous to be hailed as a newly risen day-star of English song flaming with gorgeously tricked beams in the forehead of the morning sky. Thence, if at one time you flamed, you have as certainly waned, your glory fading, your light dwindling, your rays contracted to a gleam, fitful and capricious as the true sun's gleam on a November day in England. You who were once the prophet of revolution are now the apologist of armed authority; you have glorified WALT WHITMAN; you have turned upon him and rent him. Once a lyrical worshipper at the shrine of Eros you are become the high priest of babyhood, celebrating in verse the merits of infants instead of the languors of the Hermaphrodite. Formerly a delight to those who rejoiced in glorious music, now at the last you are seen sonnetteering so rabidly in the columns of the *Times* that Mr. FERNANDEZ, a meritorious if superannuated actor, must needs recite your Jingo bombast in a Music Hall that but lately resounded with the passionate strains of ALFRED AUSTIN, your brother bard and fellow Jingo.

Oh, Sir, was it manly, was it even worthy of you? We are engaged in a war against two Republics small in everything except the valour of their sparse population of farmers. Bravely though they may fight for a time, there can be but one result of a contest so unequal. Over bloody battlefields strewn with their mangled corpses we shall, in spite of the loss of many of our bravest and best, assert what we are now pleased to call the paramountcy of Great Britain. We shall overturn their Government and destroy their independence on the specious

plea that we propose to set up in its place a reign of equal rights for all white men. Those of us who have been taught from their youth up to reverence the men who fought for the freedom of Poland against Russia, those of us whose hearts have been fired by the recital of the heroic deeds achieved by the Hungarians against Austria and Russia in combination; who know, since history and experience have taught them, that the American colonists who defied GEORGE THE THIRD were in the right, cannot easily in the present war satisfy their consciences that Great Britain has on her side all the justice of the case. And we have seen with dismay the attempts that have been made to inflame the opinion of our public by an appeal to the basest passions, by falsehoods disseminated broadcast, to be disavowed only when they had done their despicable work, by ferocious denunciations of our foes as the most mendacious, the most corrupt, and in every respect the vilest of mankind. Our diplomacy, conducted by a statesman who has refused to dispense the suspicions that have gathered round him in consequence of his behaviour before, during, and after the Raid, has been admittedly designed, not to soothe animosities and ensure peace, but to purchase popular support by parading grievances, by inveighing openly against Dutchmen, by carefully rubbing salt into raw places, until irritation became anger, and anger turned into an unreasoning passion that clamoured for blood and would be satisfied with nothing short of battle.

Was it not enough that to aid this novel diplomatizing a KIPLING should rhyme and an AUSTIN should prose? Then and their like we know, and we know that they must act after their kind. Why was it necessary that you should step down and gnash your teeth, and flash fictitious fire from your poetic eyes, and howl for bloodshed, and liken the Boers, whose equal rights we are to safeguard, to beasts of prey? See what has happened. Your tumid invective has disgusted reasonable and manly men. As a type of such men I take Mr. SELOUS, a mighty hunter

from his youth up, a man whose strong and active life puts to shame such hot-house existences as are spent, let us say, in the retirement of Putney Hill. He at any rate will have none of your froth and your fury. He has lived amongst the Boers, has broken bread with them, and never had aught but kindness at the hands of those whom you liken to wolves; and thus he has been moved by your calumnies to record his opinion of the Boers, and to point out to us in language which is not the less earnest for being strictly moderate, the disastrous consequences that, in his judgment, will be entailed upon our country by this war. His language, I confess, pleases me more than your ravings or the mock-heroics of a High Commissioner or the flippancies and evasions of a Colonial Secretary.

Yours, Sir, thank Heaven, is not the temper in which our soldiers fight their battles. They do not rave; they charge with a death-despising courage against a hail of lead; they offer the sacrifice of their lives in order that, high and low alike, they may carry out their orders and do their duty to the end. Brave men themselves, they recognise, they admire the courage of their foes, and when the heights have been won, and darkness comes down upon the ghastly work of lead and steel, they will succour their wounded foes no less readily because of KIPLING's nursery jingle or SWINBURNE's disgusting sonnet. Those who are bearing the brunt are gentlemen. Cannot the poets and the rest of the stay-at-home folk who have clamoured for this war imitate them and be gentlemen too?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE VAGRANT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ON his desk the Baron finds one of the "Privately Printed (at the Bedford Press) Opuscula issued to the Members of the Sette of Odde Volumes," bearing the title *University Magazines and their Makers*, by H. C. MARILLIER, "Knyght Erraunt." Excellently well hath the good Sir MARILLIER executed his task, if task it could possibly have been. Most interesting, especially to all past and present students both of Oxford and Cambridge. "A benison on thee! Good Knight!" quoth the Baron, as after a light blow out he falleth into the arms of Morpheus.

Following up the Biographical Edition of THACKERAY's works recently completed, Messrs. SMITH, ELDER commence the publication of *The Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë*. The Haworth Edition it is happily called, and will be completed in seven monthly volumes. Like its predecessor, it is turned out in excellent form, good type, neat binding, gilt-edged, and going at six shillings a volume. A novelty in connection with a classic is the illustration of the volume by photographs of many of the places which CHARLOTTE BRONTË to some extent idealized and altogether immortalized. There is also a dainty engraving of her portrait, drawn by RICHMOND for her husband. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD writes an introduction which my Baronite notes does not err on the side of enthusiasm. We are reminded, with the assistance of italics, that the daughter of the lone country parsonage, with none of those social advantages that gild the life of successful London authoresses, makes one of her characters address another in conversation as "Baroness INGRAM, of Ingram Park." Shocking! But then the plain-looking, ill-dressed little woman wrote *Jane Eyre*.

Mr. RICHARD WHITEING has done well to republish *The Island* (GRANT RICHARDS). Its first upheaval took place a year or two ago, and the world went its way as if it had not been endowed with a new gem of the sea. *The Island* was, in truth, severely neglected by the reading public. Since then No. 5, John Street has been published, and Mr. WHITEING awoke to find himself and his book famous in two hemispheres. Thereupon follows the process familiar with that well-known publisher Autolyceus of harking back to pick up hitherto unconsidered trifles, earlier works of the popular author. My Baronite knows of modern instance where not only the waste-paper basket of a popular and patriotic poet was ransacked, but his unoffending father was trotted out as a man of letters. The result there was melancholy. In Mr. WHITEING's case, the work that has made his literary fortune is twice blessed—blest for the pleasure it gave in the reading, and blest because it has been the occasion for rescuing from comparative oblivion a book that may well stand beside it on a favoured shelf. Regarded simply as a love story set in the new scenery of Southern seas, *The Island* is a perfect idyll. Beyond it is a pungent satire on life in London, the sarcasm being not less effective because the barb is delicately fashioned and winged with genial laughter.

Not only young readers, quoth our junior Baronite, will find much pleasure in reading *The King's Signet* (BLACKIE AND



"Is—A—Mrs. FITZSIMMONS in?" "No, Sir, she's not at home."
"Oh, pardon me. I just now saw her enter the house."
"Yes—and she saw you!"

SON) by ELIZA POLLARD, giving, as it does, a vividly descriptive picture of France during the Huguenot troubles. Illustrations, by G. DEMAIN HAMMOND, admirable.

Any youthful aspirants who are filled with the desire to go treasure-hunting, my Assistant Baronite would strongly advise to make friends with the *Bastable children*, who are the heroes and heroines of E. NESBIT's delightful book entitled *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* (FISHER UNWIN). They are such entertaining little folk, and say such quaint and natural things, that one follows their adventures with real pleasure, and can laugh heartily at their amusing conversations.

What a splendid book has A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE (CASSELL & Co.) given us, entitled *The Wars of the Nineties*! It contains a history of the warfare of the last ten years of the Nineteenth Century, with over 500 illustrations, original sketch-maps and plans by the author. Walk up! Walk up! All the incidents are vividly described, especially the battle of Omdurman and the taking of Khartoum. The volume is massive, but well worth its weight in coin.

The Assistant Baronite declares that she certainly was in a cheerful mood when sitting down to read *Only Joe, and other Short Stories of Homely Hearths*, by IDA CUTCLIFFE (SKEFFINGTON), but when she closed the little volume her eyes were moist and her lip quivered. My A. B. recommends these short stories.

Signors of the Night (PEARSONS) is a strangely fascinating work by MAX PEMBERTON. The entire collection of stories is of first-rate quality. The beneficent, powerful, mysterious monk of princely rank is just such a hero of romance as the Wizard of the North would have chosen had he sought fresh inspiration from Venetian legends.

In a parody of RUDYARD KIPLING's latest impossible school-boy style, one of Mr. Punch's young men gave so sufficiently clear an idea of *Stalky and Co.* (MACMILLAN) as to enable those who run and read to keep off the KIPLING grass in this instance. The Baron ventures to assert that it would be most difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to find any such school as is here depicted by Mr. KIPLING. The Baron is patient and not difficult to please, but *Stalky and Co.* tried his powers of endurance to their utmost limit.

BARON DE B.-W.



SKETCH AT A RESTAURANT.

William the Waiter. "COMING, SIR!"

THE TWO VOICES.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

SCENE I.

A Krügerphil Orator is imagined as addressing an East End audience. TIME—Prior to resignation of Sitting Member.

AS I was saying ere the tumult rose,
This is a war—to cite my Irish friends,
True patriots, not your Dublin Fusiliers
That go with careless heart like Herod's
crew

To worry babes-in-arms with wicked
steel—

This is a war arranged to gratify
The giddy lust of lucre; 'tis a raid
On Naboth's hop-field where the laager
grows;

A wild gorilla-warfare with designs
Upon a lone ewe-lamb, gold-mint for sauce;
A butchery of helpless innocents
Whose bloody parallel is far to find.

Picture the pious Doppler on his tilth,
A stranger to the insidious wiles of soap,
Unspoiled in fact by luxury's debauch,
And several centuries behind the time!
Into his old-world calm the serpent comes,
Discovers golden fruit, the bane of men,
And makes a private hell in Eden's
bowers!

What does our farmer Adam? Does he take
And trounce the rash intruder out of
doors?

Not so; he gives him lease of tree in
question,
But will not sample that forbidden food,

Not in the raw, his stomach saying No;
Carefully extricates the creature's sting;
Sits firmly on his head; puts barricades
About the accursed region; takes his toll
(Permitted as the righteous meed of sin)
Whereby to build him guns and like
utensils,

And waxes fat against the evil hour
When Lucifer and host shall march that way.
Such is the Paradise, so void of guile,
On which our sweltering hordes prepare
to swoop!

I fear my audience is very deaf.
As water from a duck's impervious plumes
My filtered peroration falls away.
Lo! how the horrid heathen ramp and rage!
I listen, but I cannot hear my voice;
The noise is far, is very far too great.
Shame on you, cowards all! I stand alone,
Gallantly pleading for a Good Old Man,
Of whose perennial wrongs, most bravely
borne,

The penetrating savour reeks to Heaven!
Well, if you will not hear me, I shall go.
Shaking your filthy dust from off my feet.
What, ho! policeman, kindly bear me
hence;
Take me from this vile rabble, take me
home!

SCENE II.

Same Orator. Same audience.

TIME—Subsequent to resignation of Sitting
Member.

Enlightened and refined electorate!
Salt of the earth, apple of all my eye!
Ah! take it not unkindly if my voice,
Such of it as you heard some days ago,
Sounded a little rough; if this my face,
Wreathed at the present hour with radiant
smiles,

Seemed to the unobservant eye to frown
Black as the driven crow. 'Twas mere
disguise.

I but dissembled something of my love,
As one that wears his heart well up his
sleeve.

This is no HAROLD who defies your strength;
You claim no Norman blood, as I believe;
But you are English braves, and never
knew

Even the "French of Stratford-atte-
Bowe"!

Beloved Helots! since I hold you such;
Aliens on your actual native heath!
I stretch my hand this day to London's
poor,

For Charity should first begin at home.
Much talk we hear about a barbarous
realm

Where utland men are taxed, but get no
vote.

They move my sympathy, and always did;
But can their case be deemed a patch on
yours?

They have at least the right of paying rates,
But you pay none, and yet you have no vote!
Brethren, it is preposterous, is it not?
But never doubt that we will change all
that!

There shall be manhood suffrage! Did I say
Manhood, alone? The coster's very ass
That hauls his barrow, he shall have a vote
In course of time; nay, more, the privilege,
Although I give no certain pledge of this,
May be extended to the barrow's self!

Further, perhaps, I need not go just now.
Trust me that I am yours, if you are mine!
O what a blessed meeting this has been!
You never knew me rightly till to-day,
Not at my sweetest. So, a short farewell.
Once more your hands and voices! Bless
you all!



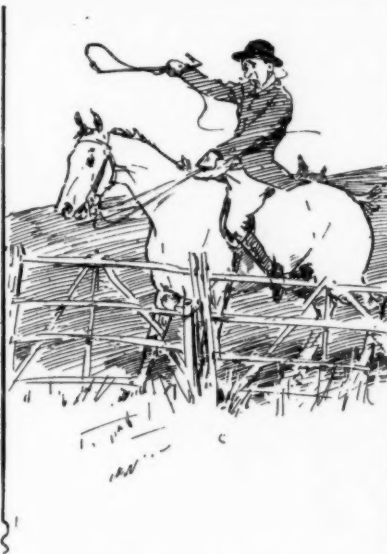
“TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.”

JACK TAR. “GOOD LUCK, MATE! YOU’RE GOIN’ TO DO THE JOB ON LAND. IF THERE’S ANYTHING WANTED AT SEA—AGAINST OTHER PARTIES—I’M ON!”





"HUP!—YER BEAST!"



"HUP!!—YER BRUTE!"



HUP!!!—YER INFERNAL, CONFOUNDED—
HOVER!!!!"

THE CROWNING TEST.

COME what come may, I fancy that
Amor durabit semper;
 Nor shall we part through incompat-
 -ibility of temper.
 (That Latin tag I must explain.
 The fact is—but for *semper*
 I rack the brains of me in vain
 For lawful rhymes to temper!)
 I seem to hold the fond belief
 That you and I shall never
 In double harness come to grief
 On any grounds whatever.
 Though sometimes "philosophic doubt"
 Assails one's ruminations,
 Sweet PHYLLIS, I will now set out
 My said "belief's foundations."
 It is not that you calmly smiled,
 And even seemed enchanted,
 When, as we danced a polka wild,
 My foot on yours I planted.
 Nor that, when once we missed the train
 Because we found each coach full,
 You did not say, "Your fault again!"
 Nor even looked reproachful:
 Nor that upon your best new hat
 (As I, upon my soul, did)
 I absent-mindedly once sat—
 And was not even scolded!
 Still less that up you failed to blow
 Your future lord and master,
 Who greeted with "I told you so"
 Some unforeseen disaster!
 No, PHYLLIS, no! Though, I admit,
 These facts some weight have carried,
 I've surer proof that we shall hit
 It off, when we are married.
 For—greatest far of wonders all—
 I did not e'en evoke a
 Cross word from you, however small,
 When I beat you at croquet!
 So, I repeat, I fancy that
Amor durabit semper;
 We shall not part through incompat-
 -ibility of temper!



AND "HOVER" IT WAS!

IS GRATITUDE HEREDITARY IN A NATION?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the *Daily Telegraph* and other daily papers that the Dutch are bitterly adverse to the cause of Great Britain in South Africa. Why? Have we not always been their best friends despite occasional wars from time immemorial? Without England was, Holland would not be. Let me quote that excellent historian, Mr. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, in one instance only:—
 "The earlier Flemish refugees found a refuge in the Cinque Ports. The exiled merchants of Antwerp were welcomed by the merchants of London. While ELIZABETH dribbled out her secret aid to the Prince of ORANGE, the London traders sent him half a million from their own purses, a sum equal to a year's revenue of the Crown. Volunteers stole

across the Channel in increasing numbers to the aid of the Dutch till the five hundred Englishmen who fought in the beginning of the struggle rose to a brigade of five thousand, whose bravery turned one of the most critical battles of the war. Dutch privateers found shelter in English ports, and English vessels hoisted the flag of the States for a dash at the Spanish traders."

Surely this is enough evidence without mentioning the help given to WILLIAM OF ORANGE in later days, the victories of MARLBOROUGH, or the final expulsion of the French, which culminated in the battle of Waterloo? I repeat that the Netherlands owe a great debt to England. How do they repay it? By finding funds for the bullets made of LEYDS. What says the Master of the Horse?

Yours obediently, PORTLAND CEMENT.
 Albemarle House, Schnappston-on-Sea.



First Officer (to very young Subaltern, who is packing his kit for South Africa). "WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT WITH ALL THOSE POLO STICKS?"
Subaltern. "WELL, I THOUGHT WE SHOULD GET OUR FIGHTING DONE BY LUNCHEON-TIME, AND THEN WE SHOULD HAVE THE AFTERNOONS TO OURSELVES AND COULD GET A GAME OF POLO!"

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

[These lines seem to have been designed to accompany Mr. SWINBURNE'S sonnet on the Transvaal which recently appeared in that paper.]

SIR EDWIN makes Buddhist breasts tingle,
 Sir LEWIS holds Hades in fee,
 They are heavy but My gift is jingle,
 And this is the moment for Me.
 Let the carman write odes on his way-leaf,
 Let the footman write odes in the hall,
 Let AUSTIN go crowned with the bay-leaf,
 I care not at all.

The night gives me stanzas in plenty,
 Each dawn will a dozen suggest,
 In my bath they have risen to twenty,
 By breakfast I've finished the rest.
 Verse boisterous, boiling and bloody,
 Just the sort that I've written for years

In the quiet retreat of my study
 Till luncheon appears.

In my lines if the old vigour freshens
 Will you find in your columns a space
 For the trenchant and vigorous expressions
 In which I have summed up the case?
 The War is the theme of my thunder,
 The War is the source of my strain,
 A Republic where KRÜGER knocks under,
 A State without STEYN!

Though the many shops dwindle to one shop
 In Johannesburg's desolate squares
 Till at last there's not even a bunshop
 On which he may light unawares,
 The Outlander, reading this sonnet
 And conning a patriot's rhymes,
 Will shed tears of gratitude on it
 When he opens his Times!

OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. N. (*Mudby-in-the-Marsh*).—We cannot recommend any absolutely safe investment yielding 15 per cent. Consols are thought well of, but the yield is less than you require.

HOPEFUL.—We cannot say whether Chartered's will rise $\frac{1}{2}$ next Friday. Consult a clairvoyant.

ANXIOUS.—If the whole of Brighton were swept away by a tidal wave it is not improbable that Brighton "A" would fall. But it would then be too late to sell at a profit, so we should advise an immediate sale if you expect any such disaster to happen within the next few weeks.

X.—For a perfectly safe lock-up try Bow Street.

DOUBTFUL.—It is possible that if the Sultan suffered from a cold in the head a fall in Guatemalan securities might follow, but it would be only temporary, if it did not continue.

DISGUSTED.—If the person you name promoted the company you mention in the way you state, it would seem to be wise to act in the manner you propose, unless the other circumstances to which you allude appeared to render the contrary advisable, as you suggest.

A PROMISSORY NOTE.

(V. "A Legal Tender," *Punch*, Oct. 25.)

I READ my *Punch* on Wednesday, and
 I recognised the sender
 Whose very tender legal hand
 Had penned A Legal Tender.
 I've thought the matter over well,
 And now, Sir, as thou biddest,
 My judgment I proceed to tell,
 Which is as follows, *id est*—

Your prospects are not, I regret,
 What prospects ought to be, Sir;
 The only silk you'll ever get
 Will be a dress for me, Sir;
 The case of cham. that used to grace
 Your rooms in dear old New, Sir,
 Is just about the only case
 Will opened be by you, Sir.

Such being your position, it
 Will very likely strike you
 As odd of me if I admit
 That I do rather like you.
 The tender tender which you penned
 I do not quite decline, Sir;
 Give me your heart and I will send
 An I O U for mine, Sir.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE
 (believed to be in Devonshire).—Q. What modern romances ought to be the most remunerative? A. Those labelled BARING GO(U)LD. [West Country police notified.]

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—The "General Yule" log will not be very pleasant reading for the Boers during the forthcoming festive season.

NOT much difference after all in the Established Church:—The highest clergy incensing and the Archbishops highly incensed.

OOM PAUL'S OPINION OF THE TRANSVAAL.—"A 'Boer' thing, but mine own."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

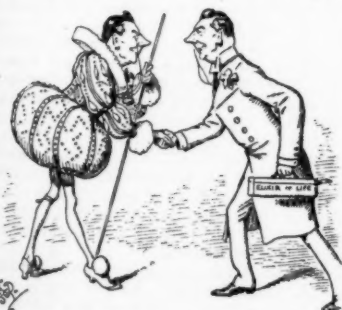
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 23.
—"All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed," murmured REDMOND Cadet, eying with ill-concealed vexation PATRICK O'BRIEN in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning of the Chair.

REDMOND discovers too late that he has made the mistake of hot-headed middle-aged youth. Has been too hasty; played his hand recklessly. Game was to wind up a brief and otherwise inglorious session by getting himself suspended. Of all forms of advertisement that at once the cheapest and most effective. A member of mediocre abilities, decently behaving himself, may sit through a night or through a session, the newspapers not even mentioning his name, the world ignorant of his existence. Resolve to throw common decency of conduct to the wind, emulate for a few minutes the behaviour of the lamented JANE CAKEBREAD, and you become a person of prime consequence. SPEAKER concentrates his attention on you; confers a new distinction by reciting your family and Christian names; a Cabinet Minister moves resolution all about you; the Serjeant-at-Arms leaves his chair to conduct you forth with military honours; and the morning papers, where you are accustomed to figure in the parliamentary reports in the formula "the Hon. Member continued the debate," report your remarks in the first person in leaded type, calling attention to the incident in a flaming line on the contents-bill.

When JANE CAKEBREAD did analogous things on the street pavement she was promptly removed by a stalwart policeman, and, being haled before the magistrate, went to prison for a month. The Parliamentary JANE CAKEBREAD runs no such risk. If like a peccant schoolboy he were "kept in" when, at the appointed hour, the good boys went gaily off, that would be something. On the contrary, to complete the absurdity of the situation, he is let off especially early, allowed to return the next day as if nothing had happened.

REDMOND Cadet taking note of these things got his advertisement on Friday. If he had waited a day or two, lying low and saying nuffin till the penultimate day of Session, he would have had the glory



"AND YET WE ARE STILL ALIVE!"

"The same (pessimistic) predictions" (as to the decadence of England) "were made one hundred, two hundred, three hundred years ago; they were current in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and yet we are still alive!"—Mr. Chamberlain's speech, House of Commons, October 25.



'AGONY RAGE, DESPAIR!'

Redmond Cadet, as "Cyrano de Bergerac," has to stand by and see his lady-love, Mademoiselle Erinne, lavish on his colleague, Patrique Aubrienne, the affections that he has taught him how to win!

all to himself. Now PATRICK O'BRIEN rushing in claims his share of the glory, and gets it. A dull mechanical performance, rushed through as rapidly as possible in presence of bored House, members amazed in the morning to see what the papers make of it.

"In all the Parliamentary reports," says the Member for SARK, "you come upon a final welcome line running thus, 'The House then adjourned.' If in such trumpery cases as we saw to-night, and suffered on Friday, able editors would agree to record the incident by the line, 'Mr. WM. REDMOND (or Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN) was here suspended,' the dreary practice would fizzle out."

One flash of humour there was in the business. Let us cherish it. PATRICK showing disposition to flout order to retire, on suspension being decreed after solemnity of division, SPEAKER ordered up military forces. At sight of Sergeant-at-Arms, with sword clanking at his side, advancing at the double, the descendant of many kings surrendered. Drawing himself up to his full height of five foot one and a half (in his boots), he shouted, "You need not bring another army corps to remove me." Then he strode forth.

That really was comic, being all the more enjoyed because PATRICK was evidently unconscious of it. He thought he was mouthing a tragic defiance that would tell well in Ireland.

Business done.—ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS explains War Budget. PATRICK O'BRIEN considerably relieves War Office from apprehension of fresh embarrassment by assurance that the exclusive attention of an Army Corps will not be necessary for his removal.

Tuesday. — House hushed to solemn silence whilst GEORGE WYNDHAM read the latest news from the battlefield. Uneasy feeling prevalent for last twenty-four hours. It is known that the Boers are sweeping down in overwhelming force to crush the gallant little force that on Friday dislodged them from their "inaccessible place" overlooking Dundee. Will they catch up with them? or, indeed, men ask with bated breath, have they caught up with them? To-day's news shows that all is well, that the beleaguered force holding the outpost till the arrival of the army speeding forth, is safe.

Another loud cheer rises when the Under-Secretary announces that the President of Royal College of Surgeons, abandoning the comforts of home life, the emoluments that pertain to the head of the profession, has volunteered to go out



THE END OF AN UNRECORDED AÆSOP'S FABLE.

"But the Trident proved stronger than the teeth of the Rodent, and he finally realised that the task was hopeless and withdrew."



A brilliant idea suggested by the fact that "Pincher," when taken for his daily exercise, develops entirely original ideas as to the way in which he should go.

"COULDN'T WE PUT HIM ON WHEELS, MUMMIE!"

to the front and tend the wounded, as he did at Sedan twenty-nine years ago.

"I have known big WILLIAM MACCOR-MAC," the Member for Sark says. "Some-how he has always reminded me of the finest type of a Newfoundland dog—big, brave, a giant in strength, a woman in gentleness. The sight, from hospital beds, of his kindly face, the knowledge of the skill that lies in his right hand, will of themselves be a good start for the healing of gunshot wounds."

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Friday.—Parliament muzzled by prorogation; the London dog unmuzzled by proclamation. Dogs duly grateful. Among their masters none so pleased as the Pre-

sident of the Board of Agriculture. Since the Muzzling Order came into operation he has led a dog's life. To a man of less courage and firmness of purpose the temptation to bend to the storm of personal obloquy would have been irresistible.

There was a dog well known in history, which, to serve its private ends, went mad. If WALTER LONG had been chiefly anxious to serve his private ends, he would long ago have let the dogs go mad and be hanged to 'em. He has stuck to his post with the tenacity of a bull-dog, has stamped out rabies, and has earned a meed of national gratitude.

The ladies, young and old, possessors of pet dogs, who, during the last two or three years have been peppering him with angry

objurgations, can now make amends only by spending the long winter evenings in knitting him innumerable slippers, cunningly contrived braces, and eke the woollen comforter.

Business done.—The War Session prorogued. Dogs within the Metropolitan area celebrate event by eating their leather muzzles, tearing to pieces those contrived of wire.

A LONDON ANNUAL.

SING a song of London fog,
Sulphurous and gritty;
Stealthily it comes to clog
Traffic in the City;
Do you live down Brixton way,
Or at Fulham, haply,
Travelling to Town each day?—
Shade of famous Tapley!
Even Mark might fume and fuss
At a "cruel crawling" bus.
Sing a song of murky gloom,
Odorous and clinging;
(If the Influenza doom
Has not stopped your singing.)
For this "Yellow Peril" will,
Wheresoe'er you 're dwelling,
Constitute a saffron ill
(Kindly note the spelling);
And the papers, I confess,
Nearly all seem "Yellow Press."
Sing a song of sunless days,
When mine eyes alight on
Weather notes that speak the praise
Of beloved Brighton;
To my doctor I repair,
Visit voluntary;
Hope he'll think a change of air,
Highly necessary;
And will then prescribe for me,
Dose of—London-by-the-Sea.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER."

GOOD MASTER PUNCH,—I approach you with the above greeting, Sir, not because I have lost touch of the times, but because I believe in local colouring. When I was younger than I am at this moment every one under the dignity of a knight was "a Master." Now, I believe, the title is reserved for certain officials connected with the Royal Courts of Justice, whose pens are terrors to the bills of costs of exorbitant solicitors.

Master Punch, I have to complain of neglect. Times were when I had a fine time of it—a very fine time of it. During the present century I can remember appearing on a huge barrel, and representing no less a person than the Emperor NICHOLAS, the then TSAR of all the Russias. Later on, I represented clergy of various denominations, to say nothing of many unpopular Cabinet Ministers. But of late I am scarcely seen at all—either in *propria persona* or as a deputy to some one else. I am left to the tender mercies of penny masks, cheap wall-papers and small boys imperfectly educated.

At length an opportunity offers for my revival. Mr. KRÜGER, as I write, is the reverse of popular. Cannot Mr. KRÜGER act as my *locum tenens*? If I am not sufficiently appreciated to warrant a niche in the Chamber of Horrors, surely no one will grudge me a parade in the streets?

So do what you can for me good Master Punch, on the 5th of November.

Yours sincerely, GUY FAUX.